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THE

IRISH ASSASSIN,

OR THE

MISFORTUNES

OF THE

Family of O'Donnel.

BY HENRY VINCENT, Esq.

GLASGOW:
PRINTED FOR THE BOOKSELLERS.

IRISH ASSASSIN.

DARK was the night, and bleak blew the wind, as t
guilty O'Donnel, the mention of whose name instill
dread wherever it was heard, paced to and fro with ca
tious steps in the front of a splendid mansion, situa
in Sackville street, in the city of Dublin: a death-li
silence prevailed, and nought but the shrill sighings
the gale occured to interrupt the gloomy broodings
his anguished mind. "Approach! Approach!" he cri
in a voice of smothered rage, "thou cursed villain, whe
blasted machinations have for ever destroyed the fa
and the family of my forefathers, and let the last existi
branch of that once proud and distinguished clan fini
the catalogue of his crimes, of which thou hast been t
primary cause, by sheathing his trusty weapon in t
blackened heart, in which has been engendered all the
hell-born schemes of mischief that have made him t
wretch he is!"

At that moment, a person whose outward appearan
bespoke him of the middling order of life, approache
and ran quickly up the few stone steps that led to t
hall-door, before which O'Donnel had been anxiou
watching. He had lifted his hand to the knocker, a
was about to give the accustomed rap, when he w
seized by the sinewy arm of O'Donnel, who instan
plunged a poignard into his side, and exclaimed wi
savage exultation: "That, to thy heart, thou fiend
hell, and by this," repeating his thrusts, "be the ma
of murdered innocence appeased!" A hollow groan w
the only sound that escaped the stranger, who fell sen
less against the railings. O'Donnel contemplated
dreadful work for a few moments with a steady ga
and then directing his impious eyes towards heaven,

urned thanks for the opportunity given him of perpe-
ating the horrid deed. The sound of voices within the
ouse now filled his guilty bosom with alarm, and, with
le swiftness of lightning, he flew towards the country.

Towards the latter end of the summer of 1793, our
ero arrived at his eighteenth year, a season when the
eart of youth is most susceptible of the softer impres-
ons. As he was riding one evening at this period,
rough the lands in the vicinity of his father's estate,
pressed by the heat, he entered under the refreshing
ade of a neighbouring wood, which clothed the sides
' a steep mountain that reared its head before him.
he appearance of the spot was bewitchingly picturesque;
e verdure of the meadows, the grouping of the cattle,
ith here and there a cottage embosomed in the foliage
the wood, and the varying shrubs which climbed along
e occasional rugged projections of the crag, all tend-
l to heighten the beauty of the scene. The sombre
ades of night were fast approaching, the setting sun
miled with a farewell lustre on the summits of the hills.
id the water of a neighbouring stream, which flowed
owly over its sandy bed, received a deeper gloom from
e lengthening shadows of the mountains. The night
osed in ere he could tear himself from the enchanting
gion, which he promised to visit once more on the
suing morning.

The succeeding day was excessively hot; but as even-
g approached, nature again assumed her mellow co-
uring, and again did Arthur dwell with rapture on the
enes he had viewed with so much pleasure the night
efore. He entered the wood, and pursued a path that
n in an oblique direction, gently winding up the hill;
was soft as moss, and of a vivid green, and through
any little openings in the wood, the crags, the adjacent
llage, and the meandering stream were seen to great
lvantage. He had not proceeded far, before a neat
hite cottage, built on a little level, on the side of a hill,

attracted his notice. There was an air of taste and s
plicity in every thing around it, which excited his utm
curiosity with respect to its inhabitants, of whom, fi
the scene before him, he formed the most romantic id
It was placed in that situation, which, of all others,
the most picturesque; that is, its point of elevation
not too great for the landscape. From the bottom
small lawn which spread before it, the wood gradu
fell to the margin of the river, and a number of giga
oaks covered the hill behind it nearly to the summi
broken line of moss-hung crags, however, still peep
beyond. Against the front of this cottage grew an
woodbine, whose branches, mingling with each otl
crept round four neat sash windows, that glowed as
from the reflection of the sun. While he stood, silen
admiring the beauty of the scene, the door of the
tage was opened, and a young woman, clothed with
gant but artless taste, stepped out upon the green;
her arm there leant a man of very interesting figure,
rather stricken in years, who, after looking round
with an air of satisfaction, smiled with parental fond
on his fair companion, and gave to heaven, with ch
ful piety, his grateful thanks for the blessing he enjoy

Thus was Arthur situated, and having gratified
fancy with the scenery around, was about to return;
no sooner did the two figures appear before him, t
his best and sweetest feelings were called into acti
the country assumed a more enchanting hue, the
shed a mellower and more delicious tint, and every
ject seemed heightened with a pathetic glare. An
telligence the most expressive sat on the features of
young woman,—an intelligence so divine, so mild
graceful, that Raphael might have studied it with
ture. She had on a gown of white cotton, and ro
her waist there was a green sash; her hair of a nut br
colour, hung down loosely upon her shoulder, and f
her left arm depended a small basket. The person
leaned upon her right arm was dressed in a scarlet n

ary coat; his countenance was strongly marked martial, ut at the same time mingled with much benignity; his orehead was bold and open, his eyes full and dark, his ye-brows black and thick, his nose aquiline, and his chin ather prominent; he had a staff in his hand, and although apparently possessing vigour and health, he alked with difficulty, from an injury in his left leg.

Arthur had till now remained concealed behind some rees; but stepping forward to continue the objects of is admiration in view, a favourite dog, who ran by their ide, observed him, and beginning to bark with vehemence, they turned round. He found himself discovered, nd advancing towards them, begged they would pardon is obtrusion, with that suavity and dignity of manners, f which he was so capable. They smiled at his apology, nd the old man with much good nature, told him he as welcome to his farm; it gave him pleasure, he said, o see he admired his situation, and added, if he could ear to saunter no faster than himself, he would show im some parts well worth seeing, and which probably ad escaped him.

An agreeable conversation soon took place, into which he amiable Maria, for such she was called, entered with he most frank and bewitching simplicity, speedily conincing our hero, that her heart and her understanding ere as lovely as her form. As they chatted together, he reserve natural to strangers wore off, and Arthur aving expressed much satisfaction, mingled with some uriosity, as to their mode of life, the old man with great ffability told him his short but melancholy tale. His ame (he said) was Farrell, and having at an early period f life chosen the profession of arms, by his assiduity and ttention he soon recommended himself to the notice of is colonel, who rewarded him with promotion to a lieuenancy. Shortly after he married the daughter of a lergyman: his connubial joys were, however, but short, s his regiment was ordered to Germany in a few days; whither his too-affectionate wife, who was then pregnant,

insisted on accompanying him. The army was s
ordered to the field, and ere long the dreadful confus
of war burst around them. Still, however, his wife f
lowed him with persevering attention. One morn
his regiment, with others, was ordered to Ostend, a
having taken an affectionate farewell of his Maria,
marched with a palpitating heart to a scene of carna
and blood, from whence he was soon carried back to t
camp in consequence of a wound he received in the l
knee by a musket ball.

The anguish of his amiable wife may well be conce
ed on his return; but resisting the feelings of nature, s
soon exerted herself in preparing the necessary comfo
for his unhappy situation. Those exertions were, ho
ever, too severe for her tender frame, already weaken
by a succession of hardships. In a few days she beca
unwell, and was confined to her bed, where shortly af
she was delivered of a daughter.

A few mornings after the birth of his daughter, wh
the health and strength of his consort seemed fast
turning, he awoke, and called to her to know how s
felt herself. To his first call he received no answer;
repeated his cries, but still a death-like silence prevail
Alarmed at this unusual circumstance, he called alo
for a soldier's wife who attended his Maria. She so
entered, and by her master's desire, approached the b
of her mistress. But, oh God! who can describe t
sensations of the lieutenant, when, on the clothes bei
turned down, he observed his beloved Maria bathed
blood, and his infant daughter immersed in the purp
stream! Notwithstanding his dangerous situation,
tottered from his bed, and then threw himself on t
couch of her he adored; where, overcome by the horr
of the scene, he became senseless. While in that sit
ation, the cries of the attendant attracted some of t
soldiery to the spot, who, on examining the body of M
Farrel, discovered, that, during the night, a random sh
from the enemy had entered the tent, and with it can

e shaft of death to the unfortunate Maria, who lay leep with her child in her arms. From the sleep of e, she sunk to that of eternity, and breathed no more. he infant Maria, who had been named after her mother, s, however, unhurt, and was consigned to the care of soldier's wife, who had buried her own child, and who came an affectionate foster-mother to her tender arge.

The unfortunate lieutenant, on awaking to the horror his situation, became almost distracted, and made veral attempts to terminate his existence, but was fortuly prevented by his attendants. Some months now apsed, during which the wound in the knee assumed favourable appearance, and in a short time he was ain enabled to join the ranks. During the remainder the campaign, he distinguished himself on several casions, and finally received a captain's commission, ortly after which his regiment was ordered home. On s arrival in England, the wound in his knee again broke rth, and after in vain struggling against its obstinacy, was obliged to retire from the service on half-pay; d having sought for a cheap but comfortable residence, at length met with his present cottage, where, blessed ith the dutiful and affectionate attention of his lovely aria, nothing on this side the grave he thought could ld to his content.

They had by this time reached the cottage, when Arur would have taken his leave, but Farrell begged he ould step in and grace his humble shed. He could ot refuse; there was an air of gentleness and sincerity bout him, that would not admit of a denial; he stepped erefore into a very neat little parlour, where, sitting own, the worthy host desired his daughter to bring me of the best wine; "If you can excuse," he said, hat an old soldier can afford, you are welcome."

Arthur was much affected, and without a word, involuntarily stretched out his hand, which Farrel seized ith warmth—they were silent.

Miss Farrell entered—she smiled, and throwing blue eyes upon Arthur, offered him wine. He to glass—his hand trembled—he drank her health; it he thought, the most delightful wine he had ever ta —he praised her skill, and she blushed. "I am gl pleases you," she said. At this moment, turning r to speak to her father, the bright hilt of a sword w hung over the chimney-piece, attracted the attentio Arthur.

Farrell observed it, and rising from the chair, to down; he drew it from the scabbard; "This," cried waving it round his head, "this, sir, was once my fortune—my only friend.—With this, and much service has it done me,—with this, I have known day, when, shrinking from the lightening of its e the foes of Ireland have retired."

The night was fine, the moon had arisen, and swe illumined the river and distant mountains; all, ex the nightingale, was mute; and struck by a scen accordant with his feelings, it was late ere he reac home, where his mother was anxiously awaiting his turn.

After supper, he related to his affectionate parent little adventure of the evening: and she, with the war usual to her on such occasions, participated in all feelings of her son, and enamoured of the glow picture he had drawn, she promised to visit Farrell his amiable daughter on the ensuing morning.

During the whole night, Arthur could not divest h self of the idea of Maria, whose bewitching figure constantly in his mind. He rose with the lark, and patiently awaited the rising of his mother. He was s called to breakfast, at which he scarcely eat a mouth and at eight o'clock the carriage was ordered, and L O'Donnell, accompanied by her son, were driven to foot of the hill on which the cottage of Farrell st where they alighted and walked up the path which thur had taken the preceding night. They soon reac

e cottage, and found Farrell and his amiable daughter breakfast, who rose with some marks of confusion at is unexpected visit; but soon recovering their wonted avity, they welcomed their guests with genuine satisction.

Maria now busied herself in removing the breakfast ings, and in a few minutes a general and animated nversation ensued. From the house they removed to e lawn, and from thence surveyed the surrounding ospect, with which lady O'Donnel was infinitely deghted; and not less was she delighted with her host d his lovely daughter, in whose conversation she exrienced the utmost satisfaction. She secretly resolved, wever, to give them some substantial mark of her esom, and for that purpose invited them to her house on e following day. The invitation was most gratefully cepted, and amongst those who felt particular pleasure the occasion, Arthur was foremost.

On the next day Captain Farrell and his daughter rived at the great house, as it was called by the neighuring peasantry; they were received at the gate by rthur with the sincerest satisfaction, and on being nducted to the parlour, they experienced from lady Donnel, all that delicate and hospitable attention hich formed a principal feature in her character. They nused themselves during the morning in exploring the autiful and extensive grounds in the vicinity of the use; and after dinner, Arthur observing his mother d Captain Farrell in close conversation, begged the vour of Miss Farrell's company to the garden, where promised to show her all the beauties, which were so chly and abundantly scattered in all directions. She llingly accepted the invitation, and in a few seconds ey entered the garden. Arthur offered his arm to his ir companion, which she tremblingly accepted.

While examining one of the hot-houses, they were served by M'Pherson, the steward, who approached d offered his services to explain the process attending

the culture of exotic plants. Arthur, however, desiro
of being alone, in rather a haughty tone, told him h
presence could be dispensed with.

M'Pherson made his bow and retired, but was
struck with the beauty of Maria, that, after having r
treated to some distance, he stopped to admire he
Not being aware who she was, he went among th
servants to enquire, and at length ascertained from th
footman, who had accompanied the carriage that co
veyed lady O'Donnel and her son to the cottage on th
preceding day, that she was the daughter of Capta
Farrell, a poor half-pay officer, who had dined with h
mistress on that day, and who was then in the drawin
room.

The suspicions of M'Pherson were now roused, an
not approving of the apparent close intimacy betwee
his young master and Maria, he returned to the gard
in search of them, resolved to watch their actions. I
soon traced the happy pair to a summer-house, whith
they had retired from the heat of the sun.

At the moment M'Pherson, who secreted himself b
hind some shrubs, arrived, Arthur was holding the fa
hand of Maria, and in an enraptured tone expressin
the impression she had made on his heart.

Maria, a stranger to the wiley ways of the world,
freely confessed that she felt for him the affection of
sister. Arthur instantly caught her in his arms, and i
an extatic embrace, vowed eternal love, and she made
reciprocal promise, and the mutual bond was sealed b
a thousand innocent and endearing kisses. The enrap
tured pair now proceeded to the house, ignorant of th
spy they had had on their actions, and each delighte
with the assurance received from the other, looked fo
ward with confidence to future bliss. On entering th
drawing room, tea was served up; and shortly afte
lady O'Donnel ordered her carriage to convey her hum
ble but admired friends to their cottage. On the wa
home, Capt. Farrell informed Maria, that their benevo

nt friend, had, in the most delicate and generous way, sisted on his acceptance of an annuity during life, of 100 a-year. The gratitude of Maria at this unexected information, knew no bounds; she shed tears of ffection, and spoke in terms of enthusiasm of the family hey had left, for whom she innocently observed, she ontertained an affection almost as strong as for her father.

M'Pherson, after Arthur and Maria had left the garen, came from his hiding place, resolving in his own ind that the intentions and wishes of his young master hould never be accomplished. This determination he dopted from a twofold reason: first, because he knew t would be in direct opposition to the will of Sir Neale; nd next, because he felt a desire for Maria himself. onceiving that her father, would accept with avidity, ny proposition he should make, holding, as he did, a ucrative and advantageous situation, which his own lishonesty rendered doubly profitable.

In furtherance of this design, he went on the ensuing morning to the cottage, and having explained from whence he came, he was received by Capt. Farrell with he greatest cordiality.

Maria soon afterwards entered the room, and instantly recognized M'Pherson; who addressed her with great respect. There was something in his appearance not alculated to elicit respect, and she returned his civility with distant reserve. This, however, did not deter him rom his purpose; and having taken his departure for hat time, he returned in a few days, and begged a priate conversation with Capt. Farrell, who readily comlied with his wishes. The insidious Scot then opened is mind, and made propositions for the hand of Maria.

Captain Farrell in answer, observed, that to the conection with Mr M'Pherson he had not the slightest bjection; but, as he was resolved never to control the nclinations of his daughter in the choice of a partner or life, he must refer all suitors to herself, and whatever was her determination, he would willingly accede to it.

With this answer M'Pherson was obliged to be co
tent, although he did not argue favourably of his su
cess with Maria, whose secret attachment to Arthur h
well knew.

To Maria, therefore, he directed his constant attentio
bringing her presents of the most delicious fruits fro
the garden of Sir Neale, and using every other expedie
in his power to gain her respect, but without succes
He generally so timed his visits, as not to meet wit
Arthur, who became a constant attendant at the cottag
and who, on being informed by Maria of the presum
tuous intentions of M'Pherson, was outrageous, an
could scarcely be prevented from sacrificing him to h
anger.

Several months now elapsed, in which the passion
Arthur and Maria attained additional strength, and coul
scarcely be concealed in the presence of lady O'Donne
on her occasional visits to the cottage.

While things were thus situated in Donegal, Sir Nea
was advancing in his political career in Dublin with rapi
steps; his talents attracted universal admiration, and a
length raised him to the highest office under the vicero
who entertained for him the most profound esteem. A
though thus successful in his views, he did not negle
the interests of his son, for whom he at length procure
a situation immediately under his own auspices. Of th
circumstance he dispatched intimation to lady O'Do
nel, directing that Arthur should be sent without dela

On the arrival of the packet containing this informa
tion, lady O'Donnel felt peculiar pleasure, as she thoug
her beloved Arthur had now arrived at an age when h
should know something of the world, and enter int
that career which his father had followed with so muc
honour to himself, and satisfaction to his superiors.

While reading her husband's letter, Arthur entered
he had just left his Maria.

"Come, my Arthur," said lady O'Donnel, "I hav
good news for you; your father has procured for you

uation in the castle, which I trust will be the first step wards that distinction I am convinced your talents and rseverance will acquire."

Had a clap of thunder rolled over the head of Arthur, could not have been more alarmed than at this communication. "What!" said he to himself, "to leave my aria, to quit all those innocent pleasures which I have long enjoyed, and to embark in the troubled scenes of e political world! Oh God! how wretched is my fate!" Still," continued he, "my father must be obeyed: his abitious temper will never brook a refusal, and however consistent with my own inclinations, his will must be y law."

Having finished his soliloquy, during which his amiable other regarded him with astonishment, he raised his ad, and in a hurried tone, expressed his readiness to mply with his father's wishes. He then left the room, d proceeded with a quick pace to impart the gloomy ws to Maria, whose anguish exceeded all consolation r a considerable time.

To describe the wretchedness of Maria is beyond our wer; suffice it to say, her wretchedness went far beyond e bounds of common lamentation, and approached arer to distraction than the sorrow of sanity.

Arthur at length tore himself from her arms, and returned home to make preparations for his journey, which as to commence the ensuing morning at an early hour.

It would be needless to describe the delight felt by 'Pherson on receiving instructions to prepare the avelling equipage of Arthur; his hopes were renewed wards Maria, and he trusted by his own wily machinaons at length to be able to gain the consummation of is wishes in that quarter.

At the dawn of day, Arthur after taking a most affeconate leave of his mother, set out for the capital, at nded by a trusty servant, and in a few days reached is father's house, in Sackville Street, where he met a ost welcome reception.

We must now pass over three years of our hero's lif during which he frequently visited the seat of his ance tors, and as frequently renewed his vows of fidelity to h Maria with redoubled ardour, for whom his love gre more ardent, and in whose presence alone he enjoye real happiness. During that period M'Pherson was co tinually urging his suit, but was invariably treated wit indignation. Still, however, he did not despair, an felt a confident hope his purposes would yet be attaine from the knowledge he had of Sir Neale's ambitiou views for his son.

Arthur had now arrived at the age of manhood, an began to think of some expedient to induce his father t agree to his connection with Maria. Several plan occured to his mind, but they were all rejected as futile While thus undetermined, one morning, towards th latter end of the summer of 1796, his father desired t have some private conversation with him, and after prefatory address, called his mind to the necessity o forming an alliance suitable to his rank, observing a the same time, that, from some hints thrown out by nobleman of distinguished eminence, who had a lovel daughter, and with whom Arthur was well acquainte he would be received as a welcome suitor. To thi harangue, Arthur, from his confusion, could give n decisive answer, he stammered out his disinclination fo a matrimonial connection at so early a period of his life and hoped his father would give him time to consider o the proposition. Sir Neale laughed heartily at his son' modesty, as he termed it, and jokingly desired him t take care that a more successful candidate did no jockey him.

In a few weeks Arthur again returned to the country and finding there was little chance of bringing his fathe to his terms, he came to the desperate resolution o privately marrying his Maria through the medium of Roman Catholic priest. Considerable difficulties aros in accomplishing this object; but to the infinite deligh

of our hero, that happy, happy hour arrived when he pressed the object of his adoration to his beating heart as his partner through the cares and vicissitudes of life. Maria, for whom Lady O'Donnel felt a parental affection, became an almost constant visitant at the "great house," not unfrequently stopping there by the week together.

An event, however, too soon occured, which seemed as a sort of warning to the miseries which are to follow. One fine summer's evening, as the gentle Maria was returning to her father's cottage, she had scarcely got out of sight of the wall of O'Donnel park, when she was met by M'Pherson, whose disorderly appearance evidently showed he had been drinking. He came up to her, and in a brutal tone, asked whither she was going? "Home, Mr M'Pherson," said Maria. "Rest you here then, young lady," said he, "for I've got a few words to say to you." "It is getting late, Mr M'Pherson," returned Maria, "I must proceed home." "Ne'er you mind your hame, young lady," continued he, "we dinna part sae easily, you mon gie me a kiss." Having said this he rudely caught her round the neck, and with his impious lips imprinted an odious kiss on her cheek. She was extremely alarmed, and struggled to get from his grasp. In vain, however, did she exert herself; he threw her on the ground, and thrusting his hand into her bosom, began to take the most indecent liberties. She now could scarcely speak from terror, and in a smothered voice she begged him to desist. She used her utmost strength to get from his hold; but all in vain. She shrieked with violence, but alas! her cries were not heard. At length the villain succeeded in stopping her cries by holding her petticoat, which he had brutally raised, over her mouth, and was about to accomplish his vile intentions, when he was alarmed by the lifeless manner in which his unfortunate victim lay; he uncovered her face, and he feared he had murdered the unfortunate innocent. Too soon, however, his fears were removed; the colour returned to the cheeks

of Maria, and with it the fierce desires of the bas M'Pherson. Again did he seize her in his accurse arms, and again did she repeat, though faintly, her strug gles, and her ejaculations for assistance—which, ere he infernal assaulter had triumphed, through the interven tion of all-seeing Providence, arrived on the spot, and a a moment when an instant's delay might have been fata to the chastity of Maria, the villian received a blow fro a cutlass, which deprived him of all sensation, and almos in the same instant the almost senseless innocent wa raised to the affectionate arms of her parent, who having set out from the cottage to meet his beloved daughter was alarmed by her first cries, and with as much speed as his lameness would permit, proceeded to her assistance which happily he was enabled to give in time to preserve unsullied the only comfort of his existence. Most for tunately, his stick having been mislaid, he brought with him his trusty sword, on which he leaned to support his tottering frame, and which enabled him to bestow a de served chastisement on the monster M'Pherson.

Conceiving he had killed the impious ruffian, he pro ceeded slowly on his way towards the cottage, with difficulty supporting Maria, who could not utter a word from agitation. He at length arrived at home, and con signed to the care of her foster-mother, who had always lived with him, his tender charge. On the ensuing morning Maria told her unhappy parent her little tale, and they together returned thanks to Heaven for her hap py escape; while Captain Farrell expressed his intention of going to Lady O'Donnel to inform her of the miscreant she had in her service.

We must now return to the villain M'Pherson, who soon recovered from the effects of the blow he had re ceived, which was attended with no dangerous symptoms. On rising from the ground, he observed a small casket lying a few paces from him, which he picked up, and on examining its contents, discovered the certificate of Ar thur and Maria's marriage, together with their wedding

ring, and two or three notes written by Arthur, in which he addressed Maria as his wife. In a moment the diabolical mind of M'Pherson suggested a plot, which would revenge him on both Maria and his young master, and enable him to leave Donegal, which he would be constrained to do. He proceeded directly home, and going by a private way to his own room, packed up all those valuables he had been enabled to collect during his service, which, besides many purloined, and lodged in a bank in Dublin, amounted to a very considerable sum. Having done this he took horse and proceeded directly for the capital, taking with him the casket containing the proofs of Arthur's marriage. In two days and nights he reached the house of Sir Neale, to whom he introduced himself in the most abrupt manner, apologising for his presence, by saying that nothing but his regard for the family of the O'Donnells could induce him to come in person so great a distance. Without further circumlocution he then placed in the hands of Sir Neale the casket which he had brought with him.

Sir Neale looked with astonishment at M'Pherson, then at the casket. "What," said he, "am I to understand from this?" "Open ye the casket," replied M'Pherson, "and you will be informed." Sir Neale opened the casket, and took from it the papers it contained. The first of those that he examined was a short note from Arthur to Maria, couched in the following terms:

"Dearest Maria,

"The moments seem ages until I can again press to my heart my ever-adored wife. A few hours and I shall be with you. Oh! Maria, you know not how I love you. Scarcely can I exist but in your presence. I send this by Henry, lest you should think the time long ere I visit the cottage.

Adieu,

Your Arthur."

After his passion was over, he desired M'Pherson t give him an account of the circumstances which led t his son's marriage.

M'Pherson readily complied, reciting all the facts o the progressive passions of Arthur and Maria which cam to his knowledge, and concluded by observing, that, a the parties had been married by a Roman Catholi Priest, they might be parted, such a junction not bein deemed legal according to the laws of the Protestan Church.

Sir Neale listened to the maddening tale with dread ful sensations, and on its termination his rage knew n bounds. He cursed himself, his wife, his son, all th world, and seizing M'Pherson by the throat nearl strangled him, observing, that if he had done his duty, b transmitting an account of the first interview betwee Arthur and Maria in the summer-house, all might hav been well. "What do I say?" continued he, "all shal be well if I wash from the face of the earth, in their ow gore, all those who have thus conspired to sully the bloo of the O'Donnells." He then rang the bell, ordered hi post-carriage, and drove towards Donegal.

Arthur was a short distance from town with a friend but returning the next day, he learnt the arrival o M'Pherson, and the sudden departure of his father. A first he was alarmed lest any sudden illness of his revered mother had caused his father so abruptly to leave town, but then he conceived, if that was the case, some infor mation on the subject would have been communicated to him. Racked with uncertainty, he endeavoured to find M'Pherson, but his searches were vain. His anxiety was however terminated by the arrival of a short letter from his faithful servant Henry M'Guire, to whom alone he entrusted the secret of his marriage with Maria, and to whose special care he recommended her when he last quitted Donegal, charging him to watch over her with the eye of a protector.

The letter was as follows:

Donegal, Sunday night.

My ever-respected master, I have only time to exhort
u to proceed hither without delay. The villain
Pherson after the most diabolical attempt to force
y young mistress to his odious purposes, in which he
as happily prevented by her father, has gone to Dublin,
id informed Sir Neale of your marriage, who has ar-
ved here in the most dreadful passion; he has locked
ur mother in the vault below the left wing, and your
ar unfortunate wife, who was on a visit to her, he has
eated with unparalleled brutality, turning her out of
ors in a rainy night, and even striking her some severe
ows in the heat of his anger. My poor lady is now at
urphy's cabin extremely ill, attended by her unhappy
ther, whose cottage was burned down last night. Come
swift as you can, as I fear my young mistress is in
reat danger, and raves continually of you. In haste.

Your devoted servant,

Henry M'Guire.

When Arthur had received this agonising letter he
ad just returned from riding. His agitation for some
me was very great. At length he rang for a servant
hom he desired to get his horse to the door in a moment
nd to fix the travelling holsters with a brace of loaded
istols to the saddle, as he was going a long journey.

While the unhappy Arthur is winging his speed to the
ouse of his forefathers, we will return to Sir Neale who
rrived at his estate on the afternoon of the third day,
loated with contending passions of injured pride and
nveterate hatred towards all who he conceived were
rivy to the conduct of his son. Amongst others includ-
d in the curses he was incessantly venting, his amiable
ife was foremost. To her he attributed much of his
upposed dishonour, and on her innocent head he deter-
ined to take the most signal revenge. On his en-
ering the hall of the chateau, the first person he met

with was lady O'Donnell, she was leaning on the arm
Maria, who was spending a few days with her ado
benefactress. Without a moment's hesitation he sei
the unfortunate Maria by the hair, dragged her ro
the hall, kicked her with the most execrable brutality,
acted like a mad man. His wretched victim soon
came senseless, and on lady O'Donnell's flying to
assistance he dashed her from him with horrible e
crations, and then fastening on his terrified wife, v
could only ascribe the husband's conduct to madn
he drew her towards a trap-door, which led to
cellars beneath the house, and opening it, threw her do
the stairs, and then following, lifted her lifeless b
from the dark ground, and deposited it within a c
Having done this, he returned to the hall at the mom
when the exhausted Maria was returning to a sense
her wretchedness. Perceiving her rise from the cold fl
he again ran to her, and with refinement of cruelty,
threw her out on the gravel walk in the midst of a hea
shower of rain, and shut the door with a thundering cl

The worthy Captain Farrell was entertaining a
friends at the cottage. In the midst of their convivial
a knock at the door disturbed them. Captain Far
arose and opened it; but, oh God! who can describe
horror of his feelings, when his lovely Maria fell into
arms drenched with rain and void of all sense. She v
seized with the most dreadful fits, which quickly s
ceeded each other. Her agonised parent carried
to her apartment, where she continued in the m
melancholy state, and at length the premature birth
a child unfolded her unhappy secret, and gave to t
heart of Farrell a pang of which he never got the bett

Towards the close of the evening the shrieks of t
servant girl attracted the attention of Farrell, he ran
ascertain the cause, and was soon woefully convinc
of his eminent danger. The outhouses were all in c
mass of flame. Swift as his enfeebled limbs would p
mit did he fly to the chamber of his daughter, a

wrapping her in a coverlid he carried her out upon the lawn. There did he return thanks to God for her escape. The people of the village alarmed at the sight, rushed to the hill to give them assistance, and amongst the foremost came Murphy. To see the situation of Maria was enough for him; he hastily conveyed her to his humble cabin, where he consigned her to the care of his wife.

Scarcely was a letter sent off to Arthur when the angel of death threw the shadow of his wings over the cabin of Murphy, and the eyes of the gentle, the murdered Maria, were closed in eternal darkness.

When Farrell's grief was somewhat abated he arose from the bed and exclaimed, "Farewell, my Maria, thou that wert the solace of my age, farewell!

On the third morning after the decease of the angelic Maria, the villagers were assembled on the green opposite poor Murphy's cabin, and on their faces dwelt the sentiments of pity and regret. In the bed-room of the cabin was placed the coffin of Maria, and beside it knelt the unfortunate Farrell. It was then carried out upon the green, where half a dozen young women dressed in black supported it, whilst as many more walked two and two before, and the like number behind.

They entered the church, and the ceremony commenced. A calm resignation was apparent in the countenance of Farrell. The service had proceeded a considerable way, and the corpse was made ready to be laid in the earth, when suddenly the folden doors of the church flew open, and a young man rushed vehemently in, exclaiming, "Where is my Maria? I will see her once more! I come to die with thee my love! Stand off ye inhuman wretches and give me way!" He then broke through the crowd, and seeing the coffin started some paces backwards. "Help me, she is murdered! my gentle love is murdered!" He became speechless with agony. It was with the utmost difficulty he was torn from it; but at length having liberated

himself he paused a moment, and muttering, "I wi
'tis fit it should be so," and darting furiously throu
the aisle, disappeared. He again entered dragging
Sir Neale O'Donnell. "Come on thou wretched auth
of my being,—come see the devastation thou ha
made!" and compelling him to approach the coffi
"Look," he said, "see where she bleeds beneath th
ruthless arm! Oh my deserted love! seest thou n
how she supplicates thy mercy! Perdition! but I w
be avenged!" Saying this he rushed from the chur
in a paroxysm of fury. Sir Neale in the meantime b
came the very picture of horror, and his teeth stru
eath other with dreadful violence. He looked first up
the coffin, then upon Farrell, and at length uttered
audible curse on all around him.

Scarcely had he time to repeat his meditation wh
again his infuriated son rushed forward with the rapidi
of the wind, holding in each hand a horse pistol. "N
then," he roared, "Maria, I come, and in my tra
follows that monster to which your wrongs and n
miseries are attributable. Now pride, where is th
triumph? now virtue, where is thy reward?" At th
instant he aimed the deadly weapon at the heart of S
Neale, who in the next moment was no more! murder
by the hand of his only son! In the same instant t
dreadful parricide discharged the other pistol at his ow
head; but by the interposition of a friendly arm, th
barrel of the pistol was raised beyond its deadly leve
and the wretched Arthur had not for that time the fo
sin of suicide to add to that of the murder of the auth
of his being.

During this agonising scene, all around were com
pletely spell bound; not a word escaped their lips, n
a motion denoted their existence; but the moment S
Neale bit his parent dust, their senses returned, a
with them a conviction of their own culpability in n
having interposed their endeavour to prevent the cata
trophe they had witnessed. With one accord they no

ized the frantic Arthur, and with the utmost difficulty agged him from the church to the house of the clergyan of the parish, where he was bound with cords, and aced in a dark room in the upper story, until such ne as measures should be taken for a legal investigaon of the case.

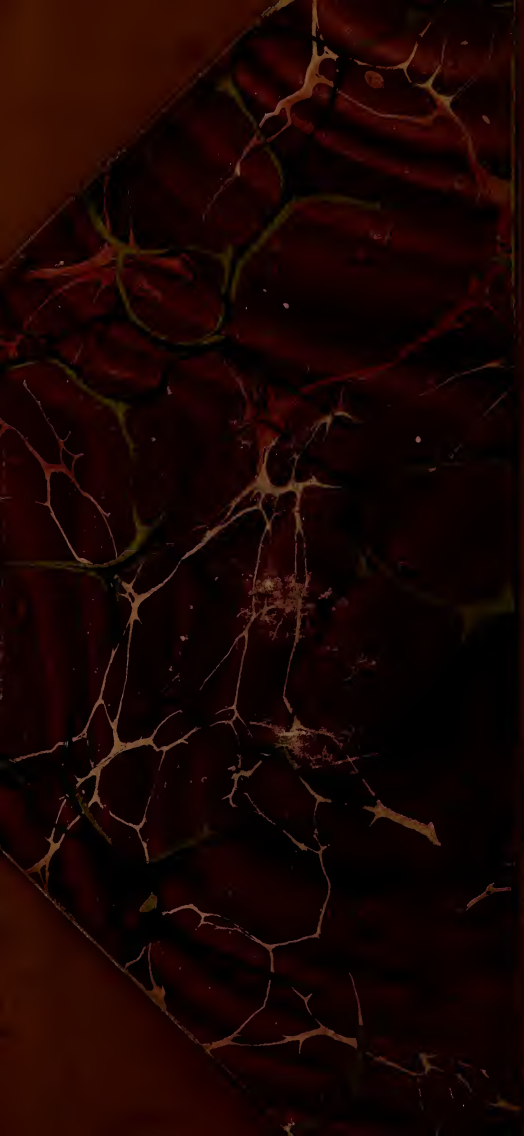
In the morning the door was gently opened by one the guards, but what was his astonishment to find his isoner flown. An alarm was immediately given, but traces of him were to be found, and whether he was ive or dead was equally uncertain.

No sooner had the events we have already recited ken place in Donegal, than the news flew to Dublin, here the absence of Sir Neale had been generally obrved. Amongst others who received this intelligence th satisfaction, M'Pherson was foremost. Nothing uld be more grateful to his treacherous heart, as all ar of a discovery of his own nefarious practices was w at an end.

The impending hand of fate, however, hung over the voted Arthur, and the all-seeing eye of Providence dained that a parricide should not thus calmly escape e punishment his crime so richly deserved. Every ght while lying off St George's quay on the River iffey, Arthur used to steal ashore, armed with a poigrd; and from his contiguity to Sackville Street, he variably directed his steps to that spot, in the hope meeting the villain M'Pherson. While watching fore the door, he heard a person ask for Mr M'Phern, and receive for answer from the servant, that he as out, but would return before one. This was suffient for Arthur, and ere the morning dawned M'Phern was no more. In the guilty confusion of the moent instead of returning to the vessel, Arthur flew wards the country, and here again the finger of fate emed to guide him to his destruction.

The murder of M'Pherson was soon discovered by me passengers, who noticed him lying on the steps,

and gave the alarm. An enquiry was then made if a suspicious character was seen about the house, when watchman said, he had observed a man dressed in countryman's garb, looking about for several nights fore. The hue and cry being raised, a person was tected going on board an American vessel, his clot much stained with blood, and a poignard in his pock It is needless to say this was the guilty Arthur. was taken before a magistrate, to whom he confes his rank and criminality. At first it was supposed his friends, that, upon an investigation of the charg it would be found they arose from insanity. This s position was contravened by Arthur himself, who c fessed his iniquities, and gloried in the murder M'Pherson. The sessions of *oyer terminer* being t sitting, he was taken thither the next day, and arrai ed for the murder of his father and M'Pherson, to wh charges he pleaded guilty. The Recorder began last awful duty in pronouncing the sentence of the l when the court was struck with horror, by a scene the most heart-rending nature which was exhibited.

The dock in which the prisoner stood was surrou ed by sharp iron pikes to prevent the escape of indi duals. Within this stood Arthur patiently listening the pathetic address of the judge; the attention of t court was fixed upon him, and all were astonished the composure with which he listened to his doo Suddenly the eyes of Arthur assumed a wildness, t at once evinced the agitation of his mind, and in an stant he dashed his temples against the surroundi pikes, two of which penetrated his skull, and termina his unhappy existence! Thus ended the pride!—t glory!—and the misfortunes of the O'Donnells!

The worthy Captain Farrell did not long survive t death of his Maria; he died universally lamented, a was followed by the benedictions of all who knew hi